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THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

Professor Huxley died on the twenty-ninth of June, not without warning, and having to his account the exact scriptural tale of a man's years. A worker and a fighter all his life, the pen was in his hand when overtaken by the illness that was to prove fatal in the end, and he was replying, with unabated vigor of expression and force of logic, to the latest attack made by mysticism upon that stronghold of reasoned and ordered knowledge which we call science, and of which he had for nearly half a century been one of the doughtiest of defenders.

In the popular consciousness, indeed, Huxley ranked among the leading representatives of English science, probably as the foremost among them after the death of his old-time colleague, John Tyndall. It may be worth while to consider for a moment what this estimate means. There is practically no such thing, in the present age of the world, as the representation of science by any one man. Aristotle was perhaps the only man for whom, in any age, that distinction may be claimed. Nowadays, a man can represent science only by representing biology, or physics, or geology, or something even narrower than these. Huxley represented English science in the sense that he gave a large part of his life to the subject of comparative anatomy, and made some fairly important contributions to our knowledge of that subject. But his work was not comparable to that, in their respective subjects, of such men as Faraday, or Lyell, or Maxwell, to say nothing of Darwin. It was good work, without doubt, but it was equalled by a score of Englishmen of his own generation, and surpassed by a respectable number.

But the average person, when he thinks of Huxley as a scientific leader, recks little of his comparative anatomy, and has probably never heard of the great work on "Oceanic Hydrozoa," the manuals of vertebrate and invertebrate anatomy, or even the monograph on "The Cray-Fish." It is a very different sort of work that has given Huxley his immense reputation, the work which, for the most part, may be found in the nine volumes of his "Collected Essays," and which is, of its kind, almost unparallelled in our literature. These volumes,

it is true, have a great deal to say about science —biological science in particular—but they announce no original investigations worth speaking of, and they are not contributions to scientific knowledge in any strict sense. Some will dismiss them with a sneer, as mere popularizations, as a sort of juggling with other men's ideas. This contemptuous procedure, it need hardly be said, gets no sympathy from us, and is as distinctly wrongheaded as the attempt, already discussed, to classify such books as "Man's Place in Nature" and "The Physical Basis of Life" among important scientific works.

Wherein, then, lies the value of these nine volumes of essays, if it is inadequate to consider them as mere popularizations, however skilful, and quite wrong to call them contributions to science? We should say that the first and most important claim to be made for them is that they reveal a strong philosophical thinker; that beneath their graceful rhetoric and acute dialectic there is a Method of fundamental importance, clearly conceived, and rigorously applied to the special subject, whatever it may be, under consideration. What that method is may be seen plainly enough in any one among half a dozen of the more formal discussions; most plainly, perhaps, in the noble essay, dated 1870, upon the "Discours de la Méthode" of Descartes. Indeed, the author recognized the principle above stated as constituting the unifying element in his seemingly so diversified work when he gave to the initial volume of the revised edition of the "Essays" the significant title "Method and Results." And this title might have been made to cover the whole collection, for we find, whether the subject of an essay be "Man's Place in Nature" or "Evolution and Ethics," the story of the Gadarene swine or the organization of the State, that the discussion always proceeds upon well-defined lines, and with close reference to a controlling organon. It was no vagary, as some of his readers thought, when he turned from his anatomical studies to write for the "English Men of Letters" a philosophical analysis of the work of Hume; it was rather an indication of the real bent of his mind, which always looked beyond the half-unified knowledge of science to the fully-unified knowledge that we call philosophy.

The healthy English mind is not distinguished by an aptitude for metaphysics, and Huxley's mind was distinctly of the healthy English type. He was content with a method, when a Frenchman or a German would have been satisfied with nothing short of a system. Hence, he was willing to leave many of the questions of philosophy unanswered, content to carry his method as far as it would go, and to admit ignorance of the regions beyond. He even coined a word with which to name this philosophical attitude, and the immediate adoption and currency of that word showed that it met a long-felt want. Since it came into our circulation, agnosticism, like many other words, has been used as a counter by wise men and as a full-weight coin by fools, but it has justified itself, on the whole, as a useful addition to our philosophical terminology.

The lectures and writings of our arch-agnostic have, during the past forty years, aroused a good many religious antagonisms; some of these have become allayed by time, and some are still active. It took a bold Englishman in the sixties to champion the Darwinian doctrine of descent and to combat the grotesque Miltonic theory of creation; but Huxley was never lacking in courage, and he bore without flinching the brunt of theological attack and vilification. The world — that is, all the world worth considering — came round to his side sooner than could have been anticipated by a student of the history of new and fruitful ideas — of their long hard struggle with ignorance, and blindness, and all the banded legions of the old order of thought — and the last score of years left to the stout-hearted philosopher were serene with the satisfaction of complete achievement in at least one important field of his endeavor. But the theory of creation was not the only stronghold occupied by the popular theology of his fellow-countrymen, and, when that was battered down, there were others to be attacked. All these assaults were not, of course, directed against religion at all, any more than were the Voltairean assaults of a century previous, and the *infame* that Huxley sought to crush in the world of thought was as little deserving of consideration as was the engine of political and social despotism which Voltaire's memorable and magnificent crusade did so much to demolish. We should say that Huxley, far from being an enemy of religion, was one of the best friends it has ever found, and we have no doubt that, from the more enlightened twentieth-century religious point of view, he will be remembered as such.

For our part, the aspect of Huxley's life and work that compels the deepest gratitude is the absolute honesty by which that life and that

work were characterized throughout. One does not need to accept all of his conclusions to admire the intellectual process by which they were reached. His logic may now and then have been at fault, but it scorned every species of sophistical subterfuge. To get at the truth, not merely to make a better-sounding argument than his opponent, was always his aim. He hated shams as Carlyle hated them, but, instead of inveighing at them with stormy prophecy ("I am not equal to the prophetical business"), he employed the better weapon of compactly-wrought argumentation. Very recently, taking a retrospective view of his life, he made this statement of what had been its aims and its guiding principles:

"Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life, to the best of my ability, in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off. It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain, to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science."

It is a noble *apologia pro vita sua*, and the world will not readily forget what it owes to this man's single-hearted devotion to truth. His tombstone should bear the inscription, *Veritatem dilexi*, that Renan asked to be cut upon his own, and the measure of his delight in the truth should be the measure of posterity's delight in cherishing his memory.

THE OPIUM DREAMER.

The drowsy poppy from Earth's sleep hath caught
Vagaries that with Heavenly visions teem:
De Quincey! thou distillest from all thought
The very *juice* of thought — coherent dream!

CLIFFORD LANIER.

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EDWARD A. FREEMAN.*

In bringing out "The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman," Dean Stephens has conferred a lasting obligation upon the student of history. It is not only of prime value to be able to see the great historian in his workshop and to breath the atmosphere of enthusiasm that always pervaded that sacred place, but, more and most, to come into close contact with a spirit singularly pure and noble, whose love of truth and violent hatred of sham breathes in every written line, — this is high privilege indeed.

The author has had the good sense to remain silent himself for the most part, and let Mr. Freeman talk through his correspondence, —a conversation all the more charming because he speaks altogether unconscious of the larger audience. The author is content, therefore, to play the part of gentleman usher, by whose kind offices the reader is introduced into that charmed circle which the years drew about this patriarch of the historical clan. Here Freeman held converse with Finlay and Stubbs, Bryce, Cox, Dawkins, and Goldwin Smith, Hodgkin, Kate Norgate, and the gifted granddaughter of Thomas Arnold,† whose departure into story-writing was always a grave disappointment to Freeman. This is the acme of good biography-making.

Strange to say, however, Green, the John of this apostolic group, has been omitted. The Preface prepares us somewhat for this disappointment; but the proposal to reserve the correspondence of Green for a third volume is not reassuring. It is because this part of Mr. Freeman's correspondence is so important, that Mr. Stephens says he has not presented it here. It is because it is so important that the reader has a right to expect it here. There are many minor letters to unimportant persons which contain only echoes of things elsewhere said. These could have been omitted. The whole discussion with Anthony Trollope on fox-hunting, and all that is really important in the correspondence elicited, might have been given in a tithe of the space. Thus there is really no satisfactory reason why the correspondence with Green,— the thing which the student of history

*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D. By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., Dean of Winchester. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† Mrs. Humphry Ward.

would prize most, the thing which he has a right to expect when he pays his seven dollars for these two volumes,— should be omitted.

Externally, the Life of Freeman offers little for the biographer. A life could hardly be more devoid of dramatic interest. Born in 1823, at eighteen months left an orphan, brought up in a most exemplary way by an imperious old grandmother, given the best education that England could offer, from childhood extremely sensitive to the religious and moral atmosphere that surrounded him, he passed safely over the period when most young men are supposed to be sowing wild oats, and arrived at manhood, a severe moralist, a devout religionist, and withal, possessed of a disposition unusually pure, strong, and wholesome. At this time the leaning of Mr. Freeman was strongly toward the Church. And yet his sympathies were with the devotional and ascetic side of the ministerial office, rather than its intellectual, or practical side. His plain and simple mind found little satisfaction in the vague speculations of systematic theology; while upon the humbler duties of the parish priest, he was too much of an aristocrat by nature ever to look with much satisfaction. Strange to say, however, the final decision against ordination turned upon his conviction that celibacy was the proper state for the clergy. Writing, January 25, 1846, he says:

"I have almost entirely given up the idea of ordination, as I am getting every day more fully convinced of the necessity for the clergy to observe celibacy for every reason, both as in itself the holier estate, and therefore especially incumbent upon *them*, and also for the avoidance of secularity and sacrilege." (Vol. I., p. 62.)

Freeman had already for some time back been engaged to a most estimable young lady, a Miss Eleanor Gutch. The question of ordination was to be settled for him, and for her too. No mawkish sentimentalism clouded his purpose for the moment. The idea of separation seems not for a moment to have been thought of. If he could not conscientiously take with him into the clerical profession the wife-to-be, he would himself keep out of orders. Moreover, at this time other ambitions were already stirring in his mind. On March 22, writing from Oxford, after stating that his convictions on the question of clerical celibacy are now so strong that he has finally determined to remain a layman, he continues:

"If I take up any profession, it would be architecture; but I would much rather, if I find myself sufficiently well off, have none. I have begun a course of reading which, if I carry it on, would go a good way through a tolerably long life. Besides philosophy, I work chiefly at history, of which I should much like to be master. *My great ambition would be to get one of the History Professorships here.*" (I., p. 63.)

The competence to which Mr. Freeman here refers was an income of £600, which fell to him from his father's estate; and this was afterward increased by what he inherited from his grandmother, who died in 1848. He was thus from the first placed beyond the need of following any profession at all; and soon after his marriage with Miss Gutch, in 1847, he settled in a delightful little country-house in the valley of the Cam, and not far from the small town of Dursley. Here at Oaklands he began, for the man with literary tastes, an ideal life, "the most favorable of all conditions for steady literary work and study." In seven years he, or rather his library and his family, had outgrown Oaklands. After some searching he found a home in southern England, near Cardiff, that suited him. Thither he moved in 1855. Of his new home, Lanrumney Hall, he thus wrote, in September, to his old friend the Reverend Henry Thompson:

"This is certainly a jolly place. From our churchyard and other elevated points we see all Zummerzet coast; and it is said that from some of the mountains more inland one can see right across to the English Channel. . . . Without deserting my books, I have turned farmer, and own

2 Horses	1 Coon
1 Pony	1 Dog
4 Pigs	2 Goats
29 Sheep	4 Cows
1 Calf	Rabbits
Ducks	Cocks and hens.
2 Cats	

Of these, two pigs and all the sheep and kine and ducks have been bought since I came here. We slay and eat patriarchally of our own, yet we do not eat so soon after death as Abraham did." (I., p. 177.)

After five years he had again outgrown his quarters, and for a third and last time he moved,—this time to Somerleaze, a comfortable and commodious house about two miles from Wells. Here he was still immured in the quiet isolation of English country life, keeping as far away from London, which he always abominated, as it was possible and still remain in England. And here he began the real work of his life. At Oaklands and at Lanrumney he had been by no means idle, but he had been as yet content to gather and lay the foundations for the greater work to come. He had produced much, but mostly in the way of review and criticism of the work of others. At Lanrumney he had devoted himself to the study

of Greek and Roman history. The series of reviews put forth at this time "exhibits a knowledge of Greek and Roman history marvellous in its extent, clearness and firmness of grasp, ranging as it does from the earliest ages down to his own day." Yet fame had come to him slowly. He was one of those luckless bodies whose fortune it was always to be just beaten by some more fortunate competitor. At the university he had tried for prizes and fellowships, and had generally succeeded in securing an honorable mention. He had tried twice or thrice for Parliament; but he was too honest for the politicians, and too impatient in the presence of mediocrity or stupidity, ever to secure the favor of the common people.

His ambition some day to return to his beloved Oxford as a professor of history had never forsaken him, but neither had his ill-luck. In 1861 he had failed to secure the Camden Professorship of Ancient History, and in 1862 he had likewise failed to secure the Chichele Professorship of Modern History. In the latter case, thirty-five testimonials in his favor had been forwarded to the electors. Amongst them was one from Thirlwall, the learned Bishop of St. David's, who said:

"I have much pleasure in stating that I not only consider him eminently fitted for the office, but that I should not be able to name any living scholar who appears to me more highly qualified for it." (I., p. 308.)

These various rebuffs to his ambition were, however, not without their beneficial results. Freeman had made a reputation as a reviewer. He had published a volume on Church Architecture, and had also put out Volume I. of his "Federal Government"; but his name was not as yet, in the public mind, attached to any great work on modern history. It was time that he concentrated his splendid powers upon some one definite period of world history that should henceforth be recognized as peculiarly his own field. In 1865 he wrote to Dean Hook:

"Goldwin Smith will most likely give up his professorship next year, and I want to succeed him. It seems to be thought good that I should put out something more directly bearing on what they call Modern History than Federal Government, Vol. I. So, as Federal Government, Vol. II., could not be done in time, and as no bookseller (at least neither Longmans nor Macmillan) would take a volume of collected essays at his own risk, I have actually sat down to make a distinct *History of the Norman Conquest*, which I can do easier than anybody else, as I have worked so much at the subject for twenty years past, that is, a great part of the story; there will be little more to do than to write down what is already in my head." (I., 335.)

The Norman Conquest was thus by no means a new subject. He had long been delving and gathering. In 1892 he said of a former unsuccessful effort to win a prize upon this subject:

"The Norman Conquest was a subject that I had been thinking about ever since I could think at all. I wrote for the Prize; I had the good luck not to get it. Had I got it I might have been tempted to think that I knew all about the matter. As it was, I went on and learned something about it." (P. 75.)

This was, in 1846, one of the several unsuccessful attempts of Mr. Freeman to secure honors during his university career. But disappointment only stimulated him to deeper and more diligent study. Thus in a double sense, we are indebted to the disappointments of Mr. Freeman for his greatest work, "The Norman Conquest." Nor was he destined to succeed any better in 1866. When Goldwin Smith resigned, the coveted prize again eluded the ambitious recluse of Somerleaze and was given to his friend William Stubbs. The appointment of Stubbs did much to rob Freeman's third disappointment of its edge. It was an honor to be beaten by such a competitor. In the mean time Freeman remained at Somerleaze, quietly working away at the "Conquest" and making himself generally useful, like the typical country gentleman that he was. "Gaols, lunatics, and meetings about cattle plague" claimed a due share of his time. The work on the "Conquest" also greatly broadened his scholarship by bringing him more into sympathy with German writers, and greatly strengthened that new taste for travel and local research which became so marked in his later years. In a letter written from Oaklands, in 1854, he frankly confesses that he is not a German scholar, and in citing a list of authorities upon mediæval constitutional history he has apparently exhausted himself with "Hallam, Guizot, Palgrave, Kemble, and the like" (*Ibid.*, p. 171). In 1877 he could address the Greeks at Corfu in their native tongue; he could write and talk Latin like a mediæval chorister; French also was as familiar to him as his native English; but as late as 1871 he complains from Strasburg:

"The folk at this inn be so Dutch that it was only with great pains that I could find out the time of the trains for Paris. 'You're in Germany now' says the waiter, in English." (II., p. 20.)

In December, 1872, we find him patiently laboring through Waitz, whom he treats with great respect. Possibly this interest in Waitz had some connection with a visit to central Germany in the preceding summer when he

was the honored guest of Ihne at Heidelberg and of Pauli at Göttingen.

Freeman's method of work at this time was first to gather and read all that he could find upon the topic in hand, and then to visit the region in question and study it on the spot. It was at such times that he laid his friends under tribute. Green, whose powers of observation were far keener than Freeman's, was his frequent companion, especially in Normandy. A jolly pair they must have been, too, as they "footed it" about among the Norman hills,— "stalking castles," making the best of the inconveniences of such travel, finding no end of amusement and entertainment in the people, but always deprecating the "Gal-Welsh jabber that must come out of such fine Dutch carcases." What would one not give to have their eyes and see what they saw and as they saw! Switzerland, Freeman had already visited. Italy and Greece received his attention later. His "History of Sicily" led him to study its local topography as earnestly and faithfully as he had once studied Normandy.

In 1881 a long-talked-of trip to America was undertaken. His ostensible object was to respond to the joint invitation of the Lowell Institute of Boston and the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. But Freeman's historical studies had long since interested him in the Americans as the people who had most realized the principles of Federal Government. He came, therefore, with eyes opened with kindly interest for the people and their institutions. He saw in them his kindred, and he loved and respected them as he did all that was English. His habit of constantly studying and comparing the history of England with the history of old Greece made it easy for him to grasp the idea of a people politically and geographically divided, but still remaining in the higher sense one people. It was in his large thought that the Englishmen of Britain, of America, of Africa, of Australia, should be each to his distant brother as were the Greek of Kyrene and the Greek of Cherson. He regretted tnat there was no common name to embrace them all, such as the Greeks had in their term *Hellene*. The British Empire meant nothing to him compared with that truer and larger unity of the scattered English folk, the great family of the Angle-Kyn, who, in spite of geographical distance, political separation, cruel warfare, and even more cruel commercial rivalry, were still one people — in history, in language, in the possession of common political traditions, in religion, and in the consciousness of common destiny. Said he:

"This great land is essentially an English land; it is no small witness to the toughness of fibre in the English folk wherever it settles that it is so; a land must be reckoned as English where the English kernel is so strong as to draw to itself every foreign element, where the foreign settler is adopted into the English home of an English people, where he or his children exchange the speech of their elder dwellings for the English speech of the land. Men of various nationalities are on American ground easily changed into good Americans, and the good American must be, in every sense that is not strictly geographical, a good Englishman. . . . Truly we may rejoice that with so much to draw them in other ways, this great people still remains in all essential points an English people, more English very often than they themselves know, more English it may be sometimes than the kinsfolk whom they left behind in their older home." (II., p. 180. Quoted from "Impressions of United States," p. 137.)

At last, in the year 1884, the honor for which Mr. Freeman had so long hoped in vain sought him. On the resignation of Mr. Stubbs to become bishop of Chester, Freeman was chosen to fill his place. One of the great objects of his ambition, in which he had been so often disappointed, was now at last within his grasp. But the prize had now lost its charm. He felt that the appointment was his due, and that he ought to accept it, but he shrank from the change in all his habits of life which must follow. There is a real pathos in the reply which he at the time makes to the congratulations of Mr. Goldwin Smith:

"It is something to succeed Arnold, you, and Stubbs — but I gnash my teeth that I have not had you and Stubbs to my colleagues and not to predecessors. Years ago to fill one of the historical chairs at Oxford was my alternative ambition with a seat in Parliament. It seemed for years as if neither would ever come to me; and now at least one has come when I am rather too old for the change. Leaving one's home for half the year to be in the midst of the whirl of Oxford, as Oxford is now, is a frightful prospect, besides the bondage of new and absurd rules which Arnold never was under, nor you either. . . . Still, I should have been disappointed if I had not had the offer of the post, as I certainly thought it was my due; and I thought it right to take it." (II., 279.)

No one more than he knew his limitations. His health was failing rapidly. It was too late for the old dog to take kindly to new tricks. He clung fondly, pathetically, to the old habitat. He continues to Goldwin Smith:

"I do n't mean to leave Somerleaze; at least I shall try the experiment of keeping two houses, though I fancy it will be both grievous and costly; but I have got so fond of my own place that it would be a frightful wrench to leave it altogether."

The results proved that Freeman had not misjudged himself, or his condition. He be-

longed to the generation past. He had little sympathy with the innovations that had desecrated the Oxford that he had known and loved forty years before. He was out of place and he knew it and felt it. He who could have been so much to the university, saw himself now deserted for younger men. He lectured to empty benches,— neither his style nor his methods were adapted to the ideals of the time.

His studies in the mean time were not for one moment forsaken; the first and second volumes of his "History of Sicily" were published in 1891, and by the end of the year nearly the whole of the third volume was ready for the press. In this great work, destined to be left unfinished, he found relief and consolation in the midst of the discouragement and humiliation that clouded his professorial career. "I am a-weary," he writes in February, "of all this professing, and I shall be glad to give it up at the first moment I can." In March again he writes:

"I am thoroughly tired of this place and everything in it. It is all so disappointing and disheartening. I have tried every kind of lecture I can think of, and put my best strength into all, but nobody comes, and all the petty things that turn up are just enough to disturb one's own steady work without awakening any interest."

Freeman's failing health undoubtedly had much to do with the despondence that pervades all his letters of this period. Occasionally he writes in a tone of sadness and vexation of spirit, never manifested before in any former period of his life. From Somerleaze he complains that few of his friends wrote to him, and that no one came to visit him; and declares that if his friends did not go to see him, he certainly would not go to that hateful London, in which so many of them had buried themselves—"that horrid wilderness of houses," more dreary to him than any other place in the world. At this time, also, he seems to be specially annoyed by the critics. He complains that for some reason, which he cannot understand, he seems to be more jeered and sneered at than any other writer, by those who set themselves up to be critics. "They are always attacking me about peculiar spelling of names, as if I had any spelling of my own different from Lappenberg and Kemble before me, and Johnny* after me." The critics also were ever grumbling at his "horrible repetition"; and he asks, "Why should one not say the same thing twenty times if people forget it twenty times?" To Bryce, in March, 1884, he says, referring to the critics: "These things would annoy me less if I saw more of other men and could talk and laugh them off, but I can't change my way of life now." (II., p. 278.)

Freeman had in fact for years been carrying on a losing fight with his grim foe. His mind, however, remained clear and powerful. His memory had lost the tenacious grasp of youth, but his hunger for work was as eager as ever. He went on planning and breaking new ground, as if he really expected to live as long as Gregory IX., the man who began his lifework at seventy and completed it at ninety. But not so with Freeman. His career ended suddenly at Alicante in Spain, where he sank peacefully to rest, March 16, 1892,— his eagerness for work unabated and his ambition still unsatisfied.

BENJAMIN S. TERRY.

*J. R. Green, whom he always refers to in his letters either as "Johnny" or "Johnnikin."

NEW ENGLAND'S FAST DAYS.*

The painful preparers and purveyors of perennial papers, to be printed throughout the press of this great United States, upon Thanksgiving Days, with historical reference to the day and to Fast Days, will hail with deep gratitude the intelligent, comprehensive, exhaustive, and interesting book entitled "The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England." In it is fresh and varied material sufficient to furnish suggestions for scores of such papers, an excellent calendar of Fast and Thanksgiving Days, from the year 1620 to 1815, and a Bibliography of Thanksgiving and Fast Sermons.

In the book are set forth in a series of interesting and well laid out chapters, the conditions leading to the adoption in New England of the Fast Day and Thanksgiving Day system (if it may be so termed) in place of the holy days of the Church of England. The development of this system, and the reason of its decline, are also fully given. In various periods, the system is shown in operation, in a series of pictures all in proper historical setting.

As it would be impossible, within any reasonable space, to give any adequate review of the thirty long chapters that constitute this book, I will chiefly dwell on the chapter entitled "The Conquest of Canada," since the subject chances to be of special prominence and interest to-day in the pleasant recognition and commemoration of this conquest through the

*THE FAST AND THANKSGIVING DAYS OF NEW ENGLAND. By W. DeLoss Love, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

erection and dedication, by the Society of Colonial Wars, of a monument in memory of the Battle of Louisburg.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the conclusion was forced on New Englanders, through the Indian wars, that the conquest of Canada was essential to the continued peace of New England. It took two wars to obtain this conquest, "Governor Shirley's War," 1744 to 1749, and the "French and Indian War," 1755 to 1760. An attack was made on the English post of Canso in May, 1744, and when the news reached Boston, preparations were at once made both for fighting and praying. A Fast was held in Massachusetts and New Hampshire four days before the troops sailed for Annapolis Royal. Additional cause for humiliation was found in the warning voice of an earthquake, by which Boston was shaken the day after war was declared. The summer months were spent in endeavoring to secure the neutrality of the Indians, and the autumn Thanksgiving was given for the exceptionally bountiful harvest, upon which the ministers dilated as God's provision for war. The winter witnessed preparations for the expedition, and on the last day of February another Fast was held, and Samuel Checkley preached a sermon on "Prayer a Duty when God's People Go Forth to War." Bostonians had never neglected that duty; they had prayed often and with "extraordinary fervency, faith, and wrestlings," both in private and "solemn days of publick prayer." Praying-meetings were held even of women, a thing which had not been tolerated in Boston since the dangerous and "bussie-headed" meetings of Anne Hutchinson and her gossips a century previous. All this later agitation was in Whitefield's time, when prayer and praise filled every hour of the day. A fast was kept on May 2, after Sir William Pepperell and the "forces thro Favour of Divine Providence Were Embarked and Departed." And it was learned afterward that while these good pious Bostonians were thus solemnly fasting and earnestly praying at home, that very hour the grand Battery of Cape Breton was delivered up. On July 3 the good news of the fall of Louisburg arrived, and was greeted with fireworks and thanksgiving.

The ministers and prayers had a large share in this Louisburg expedition. Rev. Samuel Moody, who accompanied the troops, cut down with his own hands the papal images in the Louisburg churches, and preached a Puritan sermon in the Romish church; and it should be noted that prayer came nigh also to wrecking the expedition, for it was desired to be kept secret as long as possible, but a loud-voiced and fervent petition for guidance from God in the matter made the whole thing public.

The following summer of 1746 was passed in alternate hopes and fears. A French fleet was said to be hovering off the coast near Boston. The town was in consternation, a fast was set, and possibly in answer a tempest wrecked the French ships. In alternate fasting and thanksgiving passed the six years of the treaty of peace; and then the second war arose, the war of Braddock's campaign. Well should New England now fast and pray; burdened with debt, shocked by another earthquake, discouraged by Braddock's defeat, fasts followed rapidly and prayers filled the land. They were finally answered by the victory of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham (a fireside tale in New England), and an English chaplain preached a Protestant sermon in the Ursuline convent in Quebec on the 27th of September.

How England and New England rejoiced! The autumn was a round of thanksgiving, of war-sermons, which now constitute an important contribution to the history of the war. Some deemed the Conquest of Canada the final overthrow of Babylon. They cared little for Canadian territory, but were eager for the banishment of the Roman Catholic religion from the continent. To me, these wars are deeply significant, for a reason which at that day would have seemed basely traitorous to the loyal hearts of both soldiers and ministers; the struggle taught the sturdy Americans modes of warfare, of fortifications, of endurance, and it prepared them for the struggle for Independence. But it was a bitter experience; the hopeless campaigns in the fierce Canadian winters; the sacrifices of wealth, of human life; the horrors of Indian atrocities; the tedious uncertainty of the issue. Well might they pray at the end and sing their "New Thanksgiving Song," printed in 1759.

> "With feasting and Thanksgiving
> Our grateful hearts are fed,
> Which gratifies the Living
> And can 't offend the Dead."

The story of all this has been well told by Mr. Love, and is of deep interest. Of scarcely less interest is the fantastic chapter on "Pests, Plagues, and Prodigies"; the one on "The Witch Craft Fasts"; and the amusing one on "Spells of Weather." For this book has much that is amusing in its pages. It shows many

aspects of the subject that are decidedly humorous, though always full of affectionate respect; for the modes of thought which may appear whimsical to-day, two centuries ago were passionately religious and deeply significant.

Mr. Layard tells us that when in pursuit of some antiquarian researches in the Orient, he asked a certain Eastern Cadi for assistance and information. He received this answer: "The things you search and ask, O most Illustrious Stranger and Joy of my Liver, are both impossible and useless to accomplish." It would appear that it must be impossible to make a list of all the various fast and thanksgiving days observed in all the New England towns since colonial days, to recount their exact dates, their commemorative sermons; yet I think it has not proved so. At any rate, the author gives in this book a table of about two thousand of these days, and I cannot believe there were many more. I personally know of some very out-of-the-way — if I may so term them, — some very recondite Fast Days, some apparently hidden and secreted instances. I have conferred with Mr. Love's list. They all are there, in proper place, properly dated, properly labelled. Whether this work is useless or not, is another matter. It would seem to be a matter of individual decision. Certainly from the point of view of an antiquary or oniomaniac it would not appear that it was Love's Labor Lost.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

CORRESPONDENCE OF A BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL.*

The student of American history will find much of interest and value in a handsome volume recently issued under the title of "Selections from the Correspondence of Thomas Barclay." Thomas Barclay came of old colonial stock. His great-grandfather, John, was surveyor-general of East Jersey, and agent of his brother Robert, the non-resident governor; Thomas, the son of John, was Church of England missionary at the then (1707–22) outpost of Albany; his son Henry was long rector of Trinity Church, in New York, and to him, in 1753, was born the hero of the present book. The original Barclays were upper-class Scotchmen; but the American branch, in its four generations, married into Dutch families of the patroon order. Thus Thomas Barclay was a thorough-going Knickerbocker of the olden type, reared in an unyielding Church of England atmosphere, intensely loyal to his king, and of course an uncompromising Tory when the Revolution broke out. In 1775 he married, and opened a law office in New York, but soon fled to rural Ulster; but here he found life intolerable, amid suspicious neighbors to whom a loyalist was akin to a mad dog, and in 1776 he joined the British army, fighting gallantly until the close of the war, from which he emerged as a major, on half-pay. The property of the Barclays, like that of hundreds of other loyalist estates, was sequestered to the Commonwealth of New York, and, exiled, the young lawyer-soldier went forth to drag out a few barren years in Nova Scotia, upon the shores of the Bay of Fundy.

In 1796, it became essential to establish which of two streams emptying into the Bay was the true River St. Croix mentioned in Jay's boundary treaty of 1794. Barclay's local knowledge, added to the credit he had established at court, caused him to be selected as the king's commissioner, and his views appear to have prevailed in the council. In 1799 he returned to New York as British consul-general, a position he held until the outbreak of war in 1812 necessitated his retirement to England. He was soon back again, however, as agent for the relief and exchange of British prisoners in America, and in this often disagreeable position served until peace was declared, when he once more retired to London, only to be again despatched to New York as one of the British commissioners to settle the vexed question of the Northeast Boundary (1815–22).

Barclay's position was now a peculiarly delicate one. His editor well says: "He was a native of New York, he had married his wife in New York; his family had their home there, his sons were New York merchants, his daughters had married Livingstons and Stuyvesants, and he was a cousin of half the people in the place. Nova Scotia and Canada were sensitive on the subject, and if Lord Ashburton was attacked and discredited because he had married an American wife, we may guess what sort of a storm would have been raised if Barclay had yielded to American demands. Far more stubbornly, probably, than any native Englishman, Barclay stood firm for the extremest British claims." As a matter of fact, these pro-

*SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS BARCLAY, formerly British Consul-General at New York. Edited by George Lockhart Rives. New York: Harper & Brothers.

tracted negotiations availed nothing; it was not until the Webster-Ashburton treaty in 1842 that the matter was finally settled, by the establishment of the present boundary. As for Barclay, he retired in 1822, after nearly fifty years of important public service for Great Britain, and spent his last years quietly and prosperously, in the care of a country place on Manhattan Island, where he passed away in 1830.

Barclay appears to have preserved but a relatively small portion of his correspondence, which must have been voluminous; such papers as are here given us, however, are sufficient to throw many a strong ray of light upon the troublous affairs of the Republic in its years of childhood. Their author probably never quite forgave his fellow-countrymen for breaking with the mother country, and was to the last faithful, perhaps over-zealous, in his service for the King. But he thoroughly knew America and Americans, and his letters reveal none of those singular misconceptions of our national characteristics which were wont in his day to abound in the memoirs of English travellers and diplomats whose paths led hither. He drove hard bargains for his sovereign; nevertheless he had a wholesome respect for the land of his birth, its people, and most of its institutions.

The editor of the present volume, Mr. George Lockhart Rives, is not only a descendant of Thomas Barclay, but was formerly assistant secretary of state of the United States, and betrays an intimate knowledge of early American diplomacy. His introductions to the several chapters into which he has arranged the papers are in their way models of judicious and concise statement; his own account of the northeast boundary question, reinforced by two original maps, is in itself a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject. The publishers have coöperated with the editor in the production of a highly creditable piece of book-making. The excellent index deserves special commendation from historical students.

REUBEN GOLD THWAITES.

A SCHOPENHAUER monument was unveiled at Frankfurt on the sixth of June. Dr. Gwinner was the orator of the occasion. It will be remembered that the last thirty years of the philosopher's life were spent in the city on the Main, and that his tomb is in the Frankfurt *Friedhof*. We note also that a Scheffel monument is to be unveiled on the twenty-first of the present month at Mürzzuschlag, where the poet once sojourned for a time. A Scheffel *Festschrift* is also promised for this occasion.

THE LIFE OF A PHILANTHROPIC ENGLISHWOMAN.*

Viewed from the standing-point of thrilling adventure or varied experiences, the Life of Miss Frances Power Cobbe would seem uneventful enough; but as a record of the evolution of a strong personality, and of changes in English life and society during the past seven decades — all of which she saw, and part of which she was,— it holds the reader's attention from the first page to the last of its two large volumes.

It is impossible to conceive a more dispassionate or franker narrative; and this is perhaps the greatest charm of the book. Nothing either good or bad in the way of self-revelation appears to have been shirked; and many of those things which most persons, especially most women, prefer to keep to themselves are stated here in a matter-of-course fashion that is a sure warrant of that perfect candor in self-judgment which is usually so difficult of attainment. For example, speaking gratefully of her own vigorous physique, Miss Cobbe admits its defects, "even to the verge of grotesqueness from the æsthetic point of view"; in describing a childish temptation whereby she ate, one by one, certain sweetcakes placed in her care for a boy cousin, she adds: "Greediness, alas! has been a besetting sin of mine all my life." But the most astonishing bit of confidential disclosure to the reader is where she speaks of having gone through life without any experience of what has been styled "woman's whole existence," confessing that no man has ever desired to share her life, nor has she seen the man she would have wished to ask her to do so. This revelation makes it seem all the more astonishing that she could have entered into the understanding of the sentiments of love and maternity as she has done in "The Duties of Women." It denotes an intuitive imagination of a high order to supply the sympathy that is commonly derived only by actual experience in one's own fibres.

By any of the recognized laws of heredity, Miss Cobbe is puzzled to account for herself. Not one of her ancestors or relatives, so far as she can learn, ever dabbled in printer's ink; and so little sympathy had she at home that she was obliged to write and publish secretly, in order to spare her father the mortifying consciousness of having a scribbling daughter.

* THE LIFE OF FRANCES POWER COBBE. Written by Herself. In two volumes, with Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

His own abilities, though not small, were exclusively of an administrative order. The mother was a gracious and beautiful woman, notable chiefly as a charming hostess and cultivated member of society. With a great admiration for both parents, and a passionate love for the mother, Frances Power Cobbe recognizes that her own faculties, her own lifework, are of a kind that would have been regarded as unseemly by all her ancestry, and unbecoming as a daughter of their house, especially as she lacked the inheritance of all their peculiar gifts and graces. Of her four brothers, all her elders, none showed any marked fondness for literary pursuits.

Destiny conferred upon Miss Cobbe a fortunate environment. Being granted the prophet's prayer of "neither poverty nor riches," she was freed from all the money cares that beset the pathway of most persons. Neither of those difficult problems, the making of both ends meet or the just and conscientious expenditure of a large income, were pressed upon her for solution. Thus in early womanhood and middle life she enjoyed a degree of real *leisure* of mind possessed by few. This gift of the gods to the literary worker is so priceless that it is a pleasure to find Miss Cobbe recognizing its full value, even to the extent of somewhat depreciating her real gifts and creative energy. She says:

"I had good, sound working brains to start with, and much fewer hindrances than the majority of women in improving and employing them. *Voila tout.*"

A woman thus fortunately born and fortunately placed would naturally receive the best education offered by her time, and accordingly, at the age of fourteen Miss Cobbe left the care of governesses for a private "Ladies' School" in Brighton. The description of her life there during the next two years is one of the most entertaining portions of the book, as showing the characteristics of the typical higher education of women at that period. It is Miss Cobbe's deliberate conviction that, for attaining the minimum of solid results with the maximum of cost and labor, a better system could scarcely have been devised. These were some of its features:

"Not that which was good in itself or useful to the community, or even that which was delightful to ourselves, but that which would make us admired in society, was the *raison d'être* of each requirement. Everything was taught us in the inverse ratio of its true importance. At the bottom of the scale were Morals and Religion, and at the top were Music and Dancing; miserably poor music too, of the Italian school then in vogue, and generally performed in a showy and tasteless manner on harp or piano. I can recall an amusing instance in which the order of precedence above described was naively betrayed by one of our schoolmistresses when she was admonishing one of the girls who had been detected in a lie. 'Don't you know, you naughty girl,' said Miss R. impressively, before the whole school, 'don't you know we had *almost* rather find you have a P—[the mark of Pretty Well] in your music, than tell such falsehoods?' . . . They marched us to church every Sunday when it did not rain, and they made us on Sunday mornings repeat the Collect and Catechism; but beyond these exercises of body and mind it was hard for them to see what to do for our spiritual welfare. One Ash Wednesday, I remember, they provided us with a dish of salt fish, and when this was removed to make room for the roast mutton, they addressed us in a short discourse, setting forth the merits of fasting, and ending by the remark that they left us free to take meat or not as we pleased, but that they hoped we should fast; 'it would be good for our souls AND OUR FIGURES!'"

By far the most vital and momentous of Miss Cobbe's experiences were those in connection with religious thought and feeling. Naturally a very devout child, when she was about eighteen she found herself, in complete mental solitude and in great ignorance, facing all the dread problems of human existence. Her father was a typical Churchman as Churchmen were in the first half of the century. All her relatives, far and near, were the same. In those days no such thing was heard of as "Broad" interpretations of Scripture doctrines. It was sixty years before "Lux Mundi," and thirty before even "Essays and Reviews." Evangelical Christianity in 1840 presented itself as a thing to be taken whole, or rejected wholly. The story of the alterations that for years went on in the poor young heart and brain, one week or month of rational and moral disbelief, and the next of vehement and remorseful return to the faith which she supposed could alone give her the joy of religion, is too pathetic and intimate for condensation; and the result of her final acceptance of the doctrines of Theism, with its family estrangement, is really tragic, but must not be dwelt upon here.

In the year 1857, by the death of her father, Miss Cobbe was released from her pleasant duties as mistress of the family estate at Newbridge, and found herself free to enter upon an independent career of her own choosing. She was then thirty-five years old, had written one book, the "Essay on the Theory of Intuitive Morals," but had seen little of any life beyond that of her own immediate neighborhood. After the English fashion, the interests of the eldest brother and his charge of keeping up the house and estate were considered as paramount, and

she was left with but a small patrimony. But accepting her comparative poverty with cheerfulness, and interpolating a year's pilgrimage abroad as a sort of conclusion to her self-education, the time seemed now ripe for realizing a long-cherished hope of leading an independent life in some field of usefulness to her fellow-creatures. "Slumming," before either the word or the thing had become fashionable, was the first thing that presented itself, and the next four years were spent assisting Miss Carpenter in her Reformatory and Ragged School work. Lameness, in consequence of a sprained ankle, terminated these labors; and Miss Cobbe's work henceforth, though not less philanthropic, was performed chiefly through the medium of the pen. Two classes of the oppressed — women and brutes — appealed especially to her justice-loving nature, and inspired her to vigorous efforts in their behalf. Woman Suffrage, the Married Woman's Property Act, the granting of university degrees to women, the protection of assaulted wives from brutal husbands, are all causes which have owed much to the voice and pen of Miss Cobbe. But it is in behalf of dumb animals, and as leader of the Anti-Vivisection movement, that her chief energies have been engaged during the last thirty years. Her article on "The Rights of Man and the Claims of Brutes," published in "Fraser's Magazine" of November, 1863, was probably the first effort ever made to deal with the moral question involved in the torture of animals, either for the sake of scientific or therapeutic research, or for the acquirement of manipulative skill. Now there are no less than fifty-seven Anti-Vivisection Societies in Europe and America, and the cause is recruiting new friends every day. Miss Cobbe gives it as her "supreme hope" that "when, with God's help, our Anti-Vivisection controversy ends in years to come, long after I have passed away, mankind will have attained *through it*, a recognition of our duties towards the lower animals, far in advance of that which we now commonly hold."

Those who know Miss Cobbe as the author of books so eloquent and ringing as "The Duties of Women," so logical and scholarly as the "Essay on Intuitive Morals," so devout and helpful as "Religious Duty," so incisive and sprightly as "Re-Echoes," will not delay long in seeking the acquaintance of an autobiography marked by all of these qualities.

ANNA B. MCMAHAN.

MAYAN HIEROGLYPHICS.*

Of the native peoples of North America, the Mayas had certainly made the greatest advancement in culture and have left the most enduring and interesting monuments. At the time of the Spanish Conquest, the Mayas occupied the whole of Yucatan and parts or all of the present states and countries of Chiapas, Tabasco, Guatemala, and Honduras. Mayas pure in blood and speaking their old language still form the main population of much of that area. The Maya language possesses remarkable vitality, and has not only not given way before the Spanish, but has forced itself upon the half-breed and foreign population of Yucatan.

The Mayas are "short, strong, dark, and brachycephalic." Not quite satisfied with nature's gifts, they formerly shaped their heads into curious forms and perforated or filed their teeth. Agriculturists, they raised crops of maize, beans, and peppers for food; they cultivated cotton for clothing; they raised bees for their wax and honey. Fond of bright colors in dress, they made much use of gay feathers, and dyed their cotton cloths brilliantly. They lived in permanent towns, wherein some of the buildings were built of stone and elaborately carved. Their religious ideas were notably developed and deeply influenced the daily life.

Students have given much attention to the interesting architecture and the written system of the Mayas. Stephens and Catherwood half a century ago made known to the American reader the ruined cities in the forests of Chiapas, Honduras, and Yucatan. They caused a veritable sensation. Yet for a long time, and until quite recently, American students made no further important explorations. Then the Peabody Museum at Cambridge began its work in Honduras; later the management of the World's Columbian Exposition arranged for the photographing and reproduction of some of the more important monuments and ruins. At the Exposition not only all of this material, but also the important reproductions by Charnay—that enthusiastic French explorer—were shown. Parts of finely carved façades, the Yucatanese Arch, mural decorations and inscriptions, altars, great monolithic figures, tab-

* A PRIMER OF MAYAN HIEROGLYPHICS. By D. G. Brinton. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania, Series in Philology, Literature, and Archæology, Vol. III., No. 2. Boston: Ginn & Co.

lets bearing hieroglyphs, were among the specimens; most of these are now in the Field Columbian Museum and supply an important material for study. In these carvings the inscriptions are in characters which have been called "calculiform" or pebble-shaped. Though much conventionalized in some cases, they are plainly pictorial in origin. The inscriptions on walls and monoliths are not the only specimens of Mayan writing. There are some brief inscriptions on small objects, on stone, and on vases of earthenware. There are also a few books.

The books of the Mayas were long strips of paper made of maguey fibre, which were folded like a screen. Upon the pages thus formed were painted in black and various colors strange pictures and characters of the same sort as those engraved on the monuments. Most of the Maya books were early destroyed by the Spaniards, but a few still exist in libraries and museums. Of those known, four have been accurately reproduced for the use of students.

In his "Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics," Dr. Brinton aims to summarize present knowledge of this curious system of writing. The work of German, French, English, and American authors is collected, examined, and weighed. The number of American workers in the field of translating the Mayan hieroglyphs is not great. Cyrus Thomas, Philip Valentine, Aug. Le Plongeon, and Dr. Brinton are the ones whose writings are best known. Authors are not agreed upon very many important points. Thus the question whether the characters are phonetic is still discussed. Some, by means of Landa's "alphabet" and other "keys" translate everything. Others go so far as to say that everything is pictographic and that phonetic characters are wanting. Dr. Brinton occupies a moderate position between these extremes. Considering the system as a whole, in its origin, pictographic, he finds many of the characters to be of the nature of rebuses. At first pictures representing real objects, they have come to represent sounds derived from or suggested by the name of the original object.

In the material studied there are three groups of elements recognized — mathematical, pictorial, graphic. The first group, the characters connected with number, is important. In their peculiar way the Mayas were great mathematicians. With a vigesimal system of counting, they had distinct names for the various orders of numerals up to the sixth power of twenty. Förstemann, who in this matter is followed by Brinton, claims that this mathematical knowledge was chiefly of service in religio-astronomical computations. The pictorial elements are mainly representations of gods or of sacred objects. In identifying them, Schellhas has been a chief worker. Brinton summarizes his work, adding pertinent suggestions. The mathematical and pictorial elements, now fairly worked out, form a considerable part of the Mayan inscriptions and texts. The remainder — the real graphic elements — presents great difficulty. The signs of days, months, and cardinal points are known; the names of some gods have probably been made out. Most of the rest remain unconquered. In studying them, the characters, most of which are composite, must be analyzed into their component parts; the original picture meaning of these must be determined; lastly their rebus value, or sound, must be discovered. The work will be arduous, but it will probably be done. Dr. Brinton's "Primer" will help on the work. It supplies the beginner with just what he needs, information as to what and how much others have really gained.

FREDERICK STARR.

THROUGH ASIA AT MY STUDY TABLE.*

The great central plateau of the Asiatic continent offers to the explorer irresistible attractions. An area nearly as large as all Europe is lifted higher than any other continental mass of the earth; so that it has been called "the roof of the world." The rim of this plateau is fortified by ranges of lofty mountains upon three of its four sides; the summits of those upon the south reaching an elevation but little short of six miles, while their practicable passes carry the daring traveller some thousands of feet higher than the dome of Mont Blanc. To the extreme vicissitudes of climate which such geographical conditions necessarily impose, are added the suspicious and unfriendly disposition of inhabitants

* CHINESE CENTRAL ASIA: A Ride to Little Tibet. By Henry Lansdell, D.D. In two volumes. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

TRANS-CASPIA, the Sealed Provinces of the Czar. By W. M. Shoemaker. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.

ON INDIA'S FRONTIER; or, Nepal, the Gurkha's Mysterious Land. By Henry Ballantine, M.A., late American Consul at Bombay. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

DIARY OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MONGOLIA AND TIBET, in 1891 and 1892. By William Woodville Rockhill. Washington: The Smithsonian Institution.

THE REAL CHINAMAN. By Chester Holcombe, late Interpreter, Secretary of Legation, and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

COREA; or, Chosen, the Land of the Morning Calm. By A. Henry Savage-Landor. New York: Macmillan & Co.

LOTUS-TIME IN JAPAN. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

unaccustomed to the incursions of visitors, and a general unwillingness of the governments to admit foreigners, amounting in some instances to absolute prohibition.

The condition of isolation which the oriental nations have so long maintained, and which some of them yet strenuously insist upon, may be figured, not inaptly, by the physical situation just described. Elevated, in their own opinion, far above all other races or peoples, they have entrenched themselves within walls of opinion or of prejudice as massive as their mountains, and moving as slowly as their glaciers. Having outlived many more active and progressive nations, it may not be surprising that they should imagine stability of government to be synonymous with perpetuity of custom; and that they should think it therefore necessary to resist all innovations of persons or of ideas. For generations, progress knocked at the gates of isolation, but gained no admission. By a display of courteous power, Japan, already ripe for change, was induced to open her doors; in response to the imperious demands of war, China has reluctantly done the same; Korea and Siam and Burmah conform in a more kindly fashion. But Great Tibet sits within her circumvallation of mountains and deserts, beyond the range of gunboats or gatlings, and refuses admission to a single feringhee scout, either traveller or missionary. Her contention is that every visitor will be followed by a score; and that the gates once opened, the isolation so carefully preserved for centuries will be irrevocably destroyed. No occidental may visit Lassa, or even enter Tibet; the native who aids such a visitor, or who even brings a request for admission, no matter in what respectful terms it may be couched, parts company with his head.

Of the books of travel upon our list, four describe assaults upon the great central plateau and its somewhat isolated people; the other three present views within lands which have lately given admission to the stranger. Dr. Lansdell, who gives to the account of a long and most successful journey, full of interest and adventure, the modest title of "A Ride to Little Tibet," unites in himself the characteristics of a traveller, a naturalist, and a pioneer of Christian missions. As the result of preceding journeys, he has described the northern or Siberian Asia, and that part of Central Asia which is governed by Russia. In this journey it was his purpose to visit that part of Central Asia which is included in the Chinese Empire, although without the great wall. He so arranged his route as to enter this region, as he himself says, by the "back way" — that is, from the west, crossing the Russian frontier, rather than by making the journey from the Chinese seaboard. As his friends deemed this procedure extra-hazardous, they endeavored to dissuade him from it; but by skilful approaches to the governments of China and of Russia, supported by his reputation already established with each, and aided by the kind offices of the British diplomatic and consular service, he was enabled so to conduct his travel as to relieve it of every inconvenience not imposed by natural causes. Under instructions which everywhere preceded him, officers were on the alert to anticipate his wants. His goods passed frontiers not simply free of duty but free of inspection; quarters, servants, and transportation were freely provided, and even the postal service followed him to the heart of Asia. What with stalking deer and shooting wild asses, and gathering butterflies to make an entomologist green with envy, his collections in natural history seem to have been limited only by his means of transportation. With all this, it should be noted that other interests were constantly subordinated to the great errand on which he had come, which was to make reconnaissances for suitable points for missionary stations, and to distribute translations of the Scriptures in lands where they were before unknown. These he found everywhere gladly received, the people offering large prices for books, when the supplies allotted for free distribution in specified localities were exhausted.

Moving rapidly, as modern conveyances permit, from London by way of St. Petersburg and the Black and Caspian seas, his first objective point was Kuldja, southeast of Lake Balkash, and north of the Thian Shans. Thence scaling its northern boundary by the Musart Pass, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, he entered the high basin of Chinese Turkestan, where he established himself at Kashgar, a point nearly north from Bombay. Here, thirty years ago, the Mohammedan chieftain, Yakub Kham, made against the Chinese Empire a revolt, briefly successful but after a time suppressed, which had its use in admitting a ray of modern daylight into a secluded region. Having completed his inspection, and visited Yarkand and Khotan, cities yet but little known, Dr. Lansdell continued his journey southward, crossing in succession the lofty ranges of the Kuen-lun, the Karakorum, and the Himalayahs, by passes each of which had an altitude of more than 17,000 feet. The beast of burden available at these great elevations, where horses and men suffer from the rarefaction of the air, is the yak, described as "a grunting ox with a horse's tail." It proved to be sure-footed and easily ridden along precipitous paths of alpine abruptness, encroached upon by glaciers of more than Arctic grandeur. The route finally emerged into Kashmir, in that part called Little Tibet, which gave the title to Dr. Lansdell's book. Great Tibet he could not enter. No diplomacy from England or from China availed anything. An autograph letter addressed to the Grand Lama by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Dr. Lansdell described as the Chief English Lama, failed for want of delivery. From Bhotan, from Leh, from Darjeeling, he could only look over into the forbidden land, which he could not enter.

The route which Mr. Shoemaker proposed to follow in the country somewhat indefinitely named by him Trans-Caspia, was a little less circuitous than

that taken by Dr. Lansdell, though directed to nearly the same objective points. So far as Tashkend, they were the same; thence he went toward Kashgar by the passes of the Alai mountains, rather than by the long detour by the Issik-Kul lake, and the town Kuldja. From Kashgar he proposed to enter Kashmir by Leh and the passes of the Karakorum. Mr. Shoemaker had nearly reached Kashgar when his farther progress was arrested by fever so serious as to require him to retrace his steps and regain the railway at Samarkand. The narrative, scarcely more than the introductory chapter of what was designed, is pleasantly written, but subjectively rather than objectively.

The scene of Mr. Ballantine's excursion is upon the southern slope of the Himalayas. Along this portion of the impregnable defense of Great Tibet lies a fringe of mountainous country, a strip of territory five hundred miles long by one hundred and fifty wide, yet unsubdued by the East Indian government, and named Nepal, from the ascetic Hindoo saint, Ne. The frontier of Nepal is reached at a point near Segowli, distant by rail from Calcutta four hundred miles, and from Khatmandu, the capital, about one hundred miles. The road is merely a track through the jungle, not passable by vehicles, patrolled by dangerous wild beasts; the traveller must provide his own equipment for camping at night. The city occupies a picturesque situation between the spurs of the mountains. No one could expect other than mediæval types; great wealth existing in temples and shrines, little for the daily life of the people. Edifices for religious purposes exhibit an impressive architecture of Indian style, profusely enriched, especially with quaintly artistic carvings. The most startling event at the time of our traveller's visit was a change in the government, accomplished in the oriental fashion by the assassination of the prime minister and his general-in-chief of the army.

The next anabasis is one undertaken from the East, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, by William Woodville Rockhill, previously of the American Embassy at Peking. The objective point was the exploration of part of the great Asian plateau, Great Tibet, and a visit to Lassa — or, as he spells it, Lh'asa — the capital city of the grand lama. The route chosen was westward from Peking, to the vicinity of the lake, Kokonor; thence over the high lands inhabited by the Mongols of the Kokonor, to the Tengrinor, where he would be within a few days' march from Lassa. The journey was conducted as a scientific excursion, rather than as a summer excursion, and the narrative is given in the same spirit. The route is laid down with instrumental precision; altitudes, temperatures, the weather, are carefully noted; observations are recorded whenever they have any bearing upon zoölogical, ethnological, or allied natural science. The record forms a valuable contribution to the geography of that part of Asia which was traversed. The reader will sympathize with the regret of the traveller when he found that the decision of the grand lama was consistent with previous refusals, and that he would be compelled to turn again eastward and conclude his journey at Shanghai. Some time may yet elapse before any correspondent will date his letters at Lassa.

Since the publication of the voluminous work of Dr. Williams, we have seen no presentation of China and its people more admirable than that of Mr. Chester Holcombe. One hardly needs to say that the Real Chinaman will not be discerned by the most astute tourist whose daily observations fall within daily changing horizons. For such a writer, the mental vision, like the physical, sees simply what is before it, is limited by its own aperture, and usually discovers only what it is looking for. His narrative describes himself as affected by novel conditions. It shows what the reader, if a person similarly constituted, would be likely to find on a similar journey. The vision may be truthfully presented, but it is partial, superficial, and misleading in every important generalization. Especially in oriental lands, where all the elements of life, character, education, art, are so strangely different from those which have developed the occidental mind, is it necessary that the observer should have the opportunity given only by extended residence and intimate acquaintance, before his senses and his thoughts shall have adjusted themselves to the strange atmosphere, and he be enabled to discover the real meaning of even everyday occurrences. Considering the wide gulf between oriental and occidental ideas, and the usually limited means for proper study, it is doubtless true that "the rule in Western lands is to misunderstand everything Chinese." Mr. Holcombe has made skilful use of the singular advantages of his position as interpreter to the American legation at Peking, and afterward as secretary and acting minister. His work is concise, luminous, and of rare interest. China is a complete, coherent, and comprehensive organism. It is an Endogens. Its ideal assumes that every possible condition, social, religious, and political, has been recognized, analyzed, and regulated, both as to substance and etiquette. Revision is needless, alteration impossible. Education means the absorption by the memory of the entire regulative code, as it was long since formulated and expounded. The matter to be learned is, like the language, so wide in its scope and so infinitely multifarious in detail that a long life is too brief for its perfect mastery. Its political system is the *reductio ad absurdam* of what in the western world is the apotheosis of civil service. The unit is the family, in which the father is an autocrat; the son is a vassal; the daughter is nil. The son never becomes "of age"; during his father's life he may not plant a separate family tree. The state is the larger family of which the emperor is the paternal head. As he is the supreme father, the fibres of his absolute control permeate the mass of

hundreds of millions of people, and unite him personally with the humblest subject, who may not even exchange his winter garments for his summer garb without permission from the vicegerent of heaven. Towards the highest power, next to that of the emperor, any boy in the empire may aspire; the route lies through a limitless jungle of education, and is marked by endless fences of examination. Like its most famous pagoda, the Chinese system is symmetrical, consistent, finished, and lifeless. There is no place for foreign men or alien thought. There may be no migration, either inwards or outwards. The Chinese educated gentleman is like one of his choicest porcelain vases: elegant in form, polished in surface, artistic in its own way, unchangeable, and hollow. The china bowl floating beside the iron pot upon the swollen tide cried "Keep away, for I am precious"; and she might have added — fragile. Considered as to its own premises, the attitude which China has assumed toward the rest of the world is logically correct. The premises are deficient, for they ignore the indispensible element of vitality. The irresistible logic of events is driving her on. Whether collision come against the elegant bronze of Japan, or the rougher iron of Russia or of England, the porcelain vase of China is in imminent danger.

From China to Korea — Cho-sen, the Land of the Morning Calm—the transition is natural. Upon Korean soil came the first collision between isolation, as championed by China, and the youthful virility of progress, as illustrated by rejuvenated Japan. So much, at least, has been gained by the struggle, whose outcome as yet does not clearly appear, that this land has been opened to the inspection of the world; and of this opportunity Mr. Savage-Landor has taken early advantage. In his brief visit he has seen much, which he has described instructively.

Whoever may have glanced at the volumes under consideration will have traversed in imagination the wide continent of Asia. With Shoemaker he has stifled in the hot sands of the Black desert; with Lansdell has chased butterflies in the glades beneath the Thian Shan, and struggled on yak-back over the glaciers of the Saser Pass; with Ballantine has gazed at the gorgeous shrines near Khatmandu; with Rockhill has turned sadly away from inhospitable Tibet; with Holcombe has enjoyed a clear glimpse of Chinese political and social economy; and with Savage-Landor has scampered through Korea. He would not willingly emerge from the glamour and the mystery of Asiatic communion, without a look at that farthest and fairest land where the East clasping hands with the West, joins the completed circuit of the world. With Mr. Finck this will be a rapid but pleasant journey. We shall see the lovely land in its loveliest garb of Lotus-time. The places will be familiar; for have we not, by proxy, visited all before?—the foreign drink-bars of Yokohama, and the bright streets of Tokyo; ancient Nikko, with its torrents and temples, its gay bridges and its sombre avenues of cryptomerias; modern Sapporo, where a college of agriculture, founded by Americans and taught by Americans, rejoices in Jersey cows and the United States dialect; Hakodate, Kyoto, and imperial Fujisan,— are any of these new to us? But the fresh visit with so versatile a companion will be not less delightful than were its predecessors. And if we, like him, have come with a purpose to see what we were looking for, we shall agree that in many respects Japan can show to us bustling Americans rare and worthy lessons in civilization of the highest type; such as kindly love for little children and reverent care of parents; real politeness, the cherished vintage of a thousand years; a language without profanity; genuine altruism, and the purest and most unselfish patriotism. Even Shinto virtues are not to be despised; they are, cleanliness, courage, courtesy, personal honor, patriotism: against such there is no law.

SELIM H. PEABODY.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Some beautiful new books about American flowers.

Mrs. William Starr Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers" (Scribner) seems to have proved a distinct success, the title-page of the revised and enlarged edition now published announcing the twenty-seventh thousand of the work. In this edition there are fifty-two new plates, making the whole number of flowers pictured one hundred and sixty-four. Some sixty new descriptions have also been added, and many of the old ones amplified. The drawings are, with two or three exceptions, made directly from nature by Miss Marion Satterlee.—A work of similar character and larger scope is the "Wild Flowers of the North-Eastern States" (Putnam), which has been prepared (both text and drawings) by Miss Ellen Miller and Miss Margaret Christine Whiting. This work, we understand, was undertaken some time before the appearance of Mrs. Dana's book, and its preparation has been a labor of years. Three hundred and eight species are included, each having a page of descriptive text and a full-page plate in illustration thereof. The most distinctive feature of the work is found in the fact that each drawing (with two or three exceptions) gives us the exact dimensions of the specimen from which it was taken. If the plant is large, like *Acorus Calamus*, we have only the section that the page will admit; if it is small, like *Viola sagittata*, we have an equally small drawing set in the midst of a great blank space. The carrying out of this idea made a large page necessary, and hence the volume is a bulky one. Anyone familiar with our wild flowers does not need to be told that the drawings for the present work have been made with great and loving care, but the following note from the introduction is of interest: "Days have been pleasantly spent in searching for a specimen which would show most

typically the particular trick of growth, the characteristic gesture which individualized it from all other plants; often a flower has been drawn and described as it grew, surprised in its familiar haunt." An *Arisæma dracontium*, slightly conventionalized, makes a beautiful and striking cover-decoration for this handsome volume.—Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews, in his "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden" (Appleton), has prepared a book to be read rather than referred to, and a charming book it is. The drawings are shaded instead of being the mere outline sketches of the two books just described, and the artist has been extremely successful in getting the characteristic pose of his specimens. The descriptive text is accurate in fact and engaging in style. A peculiar point of excellence is found in the author's color-vocabulary, which shows how the eye of the painter may be enlisted, and to good purpose, in the service of science. Mr. Mathews is not the only student of botany who has been compelled to admit that Gray's descriptions are often inaccurate as far as color is concerned. The grouping of species in this book is by months, and an extensive tabular index (with floral calendar) is appended.—The last book in our list is by Mr. Clarence Moores Weed, and is called "Ten New England Blossoms and Their Insect Visitors" (Houghton). As the title indicates, the main interest of the book centres in fertilization, and the author has brought numerous curious observations of his own to the store accumulated by his predecessors. The subject is always fascinating, and Mr. Weed brings it easily within the comprehension of the general reader. His illustrations, at least the larger ones, are reproductions of photographs.

Mr. Dana's essays on "Newspaper Making."

"The Art of Newspaper Making" (Appleton) is a small volume into which have been gathered three lectures by the veteran Mr. Charles A. Dana. The lectures are entitled "The Modern American Newspaper," "The Profession of Journalism," and "The Making of a Newspaper Man." That they are both readable and instructive goes without saying. Mr. Dana knows his subject and knows how to write entertainingly about it. He comes out strong upon the ethics of journalism, and even goes so far as to formulate a code for the profession. The journalistic principles thus enunciated are for the most part praiseworthy indeed, but those who have studied the way in which the "Sun" practises these principles may possibly be led to think of the "noble sentiments" of Joseph Surface. As was to be expected, Mr. Dana, with the usual phrases about "getting all the news," and "feeling the popular pulse," defends the modern practice of pandering to the instincts of the vulgar, and of printing accounts of all sorts of occurrences over which it were best to draw the veil of reticence. "I have always felt," he says, "that whatever the Divine Providence permitted to occur I was not too proud to report." Of course the real motive of such a policy is to "sell papers," as, for the rest, Mr. Dana frankly enough admits. "If any one newspaper regularly omitted to give an account of interesting swindles, or forgeries, or murders, the people would stop reading that paper and go off and get one where they could find all the news." This is the old plea of "I am no worse than the other fellows," and it is as vicious in journalism as it is anywhere else. But few among journalists, we fancy, would have the sublime effrontery of Mr. Dana in introducing the Divine Providence as a witness for the defence. We do not care to criticize these lectures in detail. Mr. Dana could not be expected to write any kind of a book without introducing a slur upon President Cleveland; in the present instance the slur is both uncalled for and in the worst of taste. The arrangement of the newspaper hierarchy which places the editor at the head of things, calling him "the final authority in everything," ignores the publisher, who is too often the real head of a newspaper, working the strings of the puppet-editor from the counting-room. Mr. Dana's examples of newspaper poetry are not likely to become classics, and are perhaps best described in the phrase which calls them "as good an article in that line as ever has been produced in the past."

The literary sources of Hamlet.

One of the discoveries of the most modern Shakespearian criticism is to the effect that certain of the perplexing scenes in Hamlet had their origin in the desire for an effect not so much tragic as comic. This idea seems very modern indeed; it gives the mediæval mind a dazed sort of feeling, mingled with its natural contempt for newfangled notions. "What, what, what!" says Grandpa; "do you mean to say that Shakespeare meant to make us laugh in that wonderful scene between Hamlet and Ophelia? Did he think we should find something Falstaffian in the awful utterances of the Ghost? Is Hamlet's madness only a bit for the low comedian? That may be well enough for the higher criticism, but as far as I can see, it's no more than the most arrant nonsense." It is not long ago that Mr. Wendell informed the world of Shakespearian scholars that Mr. John Corbin (now "of Harvard and Oxford") was prepared to maintain some such thesis as that indicated above, and not long afterward appeared Mr. Corbin's book itself—"The Elizabethan Hamlet" (imported by Scribners). It is a very interesting little book. For some time it has been an idea of the students of "quellengeschichten" that a good deal could be found out concerning the lost play of Hamlet, which, as we know from various bits of evidence, was in existence some ten years or more before the Shakespearian Hamlet was written. The story it was written from is known; two plays are also known for which it presumably furnished the original—Shakespeare's Hamlet and a German play. One would say that we should be able to get something of a notion of the play itself. This is the basis of Mr. Corbin's study, which is well carried out, but his

idea is not merely a bit of reconstruction; his chief intention is to bring forth something that will make a little less remarkable some of the difficulties and inconsistencies which have arisen in the study of Hamlet and which indeed seem to belong to the play itself. The book makes it pretty clear that in the old play there was a comic strain which, according to the humor of the time, included much that to us would not be comic at all, that there is a good deal of the old tragedy left in the Hamlet we are familiar with, and finally that some rather perplexing things in the modern Hamlet may be traced to this source. These are interesting points, and Mr. Corbin sustains them sufficiently by the various means at the disposition of the student of the Elizabethan drama. The book is a good example of a study in literary sources that is of really practical use in making some masterpiece more comprehensible.

Three figures in American literature.

That part of the public who believe that America, if she has not yet reached her intellectual golden age, has at any rate evolved a written product which should excite the interest of all her loyal sons, will welcome a new book by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, called "Three Men of Letters" (Putnam), and issued between two important epochs in his monumental history of our literature. George Berkeley, hitherto greeted mainly as the author of "Westward the course of empire takes its way," here appears as the philanthropic idealist who would have dedicated this nation in its early day to learning and religion, by means of the mammoth university which Walpole's politic but broken promise failed to support with financial aid. President Dwight of Yale is depicted as the ascetic student seeking mental liberation through starvation of body, and as the author of the imitative pastoral poem, "Greenfield Hill." "The Columbiad," one of our early would-be epics, far greater in conception than in execution, is described in connection with the ambition, the self-complacency, and the miscellaneous avocations of its author, Mr. Joel Barlow. It is profitable to see these figures against the background of contemporary Europe,— to know that Swift's "Vanessa" left Dean Berkeley a cozy legacy, that the amiable Cowper criticised Dwight's inevitable epic and praised one of his sermons, that Barlow, in the troublous time of the Reign of Terror, was made a French citizen by the National Convention. Such unexpected historical encounters, together with the author's pure style, his lurking humor, his occasional tone of mild satire not preventing full and cordial appreciation, make the little book delightful to read and a charming earnest of greater things to come.

A study of the female criminal.

The study of crime and the criminal is just now popular. Within a few years a whole literature in Criminology or Criminal Anthropology (the latter an unfortunate term) has grown up. In the book before us, "The Female Offender," by Cæsar Lombroso and William Ferreri, we have the first volume in a "Criminology Series" (Appleton). There may be question as to the wisdom of greatly "popularizing" the subject. Everyone would promptly admit that judges, lawyers, teachers, leaders of all kinds, ought to know the recent studies upon criminals, and to fully realize that "born criminals" exist, that degeneration in physical structure and mental endowment often accompany and evidence moral imbecility, and that many a criminal is only an unfortunate and irresponsible being. But it is certain that too much multiplication and popularization of these ideas will remove the feeling of responsibility from weak but normal or from slightly abnormal natures and lead to much unnecessary crime. Whether a "criminology series" work good or harm depends much upon its editor. The Messrs. Appletons have been fortunate in their choice of Mr. W. Douglass Morrison for so delicate a task. His introductory chapter to this volume is one of the clearest and simplest presentations of the claims of criminology in any language. As for the book itself, it considers woman as Lombroso's *Uomo Delinquente* (Criminal Man) considered man. The woman criminal is studied physically and mentally. The work has most of the strong and weak points of its predecessor, but, on the whole, is more cautious and conservative. After analysis of the criminal woman, a synthesis of elements is made and several types are studied — the born criminal, the occasional criminal, the criminal of passion, and hysterical and epileptic criminals. The publishers have done their part well, but we must regret the wretched system of numbering and referencing the rather poor plates which illustrate the work. The editor might properly have improved here upon the customary slipshod methods of the famous author.

A fascinating account of the "Liberation of Italy."

No other phase of nineteenth-century history offers so tempting a theme for historical treatment as the Italian *Risorgimento*. The right man for the task has not yet appeared, and perhaps the time is not quite ripe for his appearance, but when he comes he will find ready to his hand a story no less interesting than that of the French Revolution, the English Commonwealth, or the repulse of the Persian by the Greek. Meanwhile, the story has been outlined by a number of writers, although such treatment as it has yet received, even at the hands of Reuchlin, is obviously provisional. In English, three attempts to tell the story have been made: that of Mr. John Webb Probyn, clean-cut and matter-of-fact; that of Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, sympathetic but verbose; and that of the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, called "The Liberation of Italy, 1815–1870," and just now published in the "Events of Our Own Time" series (Scribner). The author has had peculiar advantages in the preparation of this work. She has known many of the Italian leaders, has had access to a great number of unpublished documents, and has visited the scenes of most of the events

chronicled. On this latter point, she writes: "I am familiar with almost all the places where they occurred, from the heights of Calatafimi to the unhappy rock of Lissa." This has given her the advantage that Curtius had in writing the history of Greece, and Colonel T. A. Dodge in describing the battles of his "Great Commanders." Inspired throughout by intense sympathy for the Italian cause, and written from abundant knowledge in an attractive style, this book may be read as one reads a novel, and with interest equally unabated.

The fifth issue of the "Yellow Book."

"The Yellow Book" has been made the victim of a good deal of abuse on account of its decadent tendencies in both literature and art, the abuse, although extravagant, not being entirely unwarranted. But the publication seems to survive in spite of attack, and now comes up smiling with its fifth quarterly issue, dated April, 1895, and supplied in this country by Messrs. Copeland & Day. Among the contents of this volume we note an amusing story by Mr. H. D. Traill; a forced and turgid ode by Mr. William Watson; "The Phantasies of Philarete," a story by Mr. James Ashcroft Noble; one of Dr. Garnett's finely-chiselled sonnets; a charming sketch (in French) by M. Anatole France, and an appreciative study of that writer by the Hon. Maurice Baring. A periodical that can boast of such collaboration as this, and of contributions by Messrs. Gosse, Kenneth Grahame, Henry Harland, and John Davidson besides—all within the compass of a single issue—need not fear to lift its head boldly in the most critical of literary circles. For the art of the present volume, there is not much to be said. It is sometimes interesting, but that is all.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"A Reader's Guide to Contemporary Literature" (Putnam) is a "First Supplement" to Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein's "The Best Books," published in 1891. It is practically a classified list of *all* the books of any importance published during the past five years in the principal languages of Europe. In many cases, brief characterizations of the books are given. Enormous labor must have gone to the preparation of this volume, which contains nearly eight hundred quarto pages, and which is simply indispensable to the librarian as well as to collectors or students in special fields.

The exquisite Dent series of volumes devoted to "The Lyric Poets" (Macmillan) now includes a selection of "Lyrical Poetry from the Bible," edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The selections are mostly from the Psalms and the Book of Job. There is an introductory essay which says fitly the things that should be said in such a place, and an appended "historical synopsis" of the selections printed. A second volume, to contain passages from the Prophets and the Song of Songs, is promised. For frontispiece, Blake's "When the morning stars sang together" is reproduced.

For the "English Readings" series of text-books (Holt), Mr. Clinton Scollard has prepared a carefully-annotated edition of Ford's "The Broken Heart." We are glad to see that noble tragedy thus brought into the classroom. Mr. Hammond Lamont, in the same series, collects into a small volume a dozen of what he calls "Specimens of Exposition," for the purpose of training the student in preparing analyses of extended discussions. The selections range from Mommsen to a New York newspaper, and, in subject, from the steam-engine to Wordsworth. Another help for the instructor in English is Professor Cornelius B. Bradley's volume of "Orations and Arguments by English and American Statesmen" (Allyn). There are nine examples: two from Burke, one each from Chatham, Erskine, Webster, Macaulay, Calhoun, Seward, and Lincoln. The notes are ample and judicious.

THOSE COURTS OF LOVE IN OLDEN TIME.

No Courts of Love, you say, no Courts of Love
Did ever meet? Pedant, go to! What trance
Has touched you now? By all the gods above,
Leave us this sweet romance.

You 'll next abolish all the knights a-tilt
Beneath the light of golden ladies' eyes,
And all the rainbow circle poets built
That sat to judge the prize.

No gallant knight e'er pricked along the plain
Keen the fire-breathing dragon to oppose,
Or in his woodland dream was ever fain
To pluck the Rose.

You 'll take the very rose itself away,
With all the long-drawn sweet of its romaunt;
My iridescent dragon, too, you 'll say
Those woods did never haunt.

No Courts of Love! What pall is this comes down
On all the widespread stillness of the place?
No Courts of Love, no queen, no rose, no crown!
Sad grows the human face.

It must not, shall not be. Though fall to dust
The reverend ark itself and its white dove,
Dear Science, spite of all your proofs, we must
Still keep the Courts of Love!

MARTHA FOOTE CROW.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Edward Arnold, the London publisher, has just established an American branch of his business, at 70 Fifth avenue, New York.

We learn with regret that Mr. Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of "The Forum," which has been, under his management, our most dignified and authoritative monthly review.

Mr. W. J. Courthope is a candidate for the chair of poetry at Oxford, shortly to be vacated by Professor Palgrave, and his candidacy is so strongly supported that election seems a foregone conclusion.

Messrs. P. Blakiston, Son & Co. announce that their medical publications will hereafter be sold at absolutely net prices throughout the United States, and have, to this effect, made a general reduction from the prices hitherto published.

A committee of French scholars, aided by a subvention from the State, has for some time been engaged in preparing a new and complete edition of the writings of Descartes. The work will probably be completed by the close of this century.

The New York Shakespeare Society will this summer begin to print, in "Bankside" style, a five-text "Hamlet." Copies may be subscribed for only by members of the Society, or by others through members, prior to the printing of the first sheet.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish "The American Historical Review," and the first quarterly issue is promised for October. The board of editors consists of six well-known professors, from as many universities, while Professor J. F. Jameson, of Providence, R. I., will act as managing editor.

A large number of representative English scholars and authors have signed a congratulatory address to be presented to Mr. George Haven Putnam, in recognition of the efforts made by him and his father, the late G. P. Putnam, to obtain from the United States Government a law for the protection of the literary property of foreigners.

Dr. Suphan, the learned Director of the Goethe- und Schiller- Archiv at Weimar, communicated at the last general meeting of the Goethe-Gesellschaft an interesting find, consisting of the poet's effusions during his student days at Leipzig. It is entitled "Annette," in honor of Anna Katharina Schönkopf, and bears the date of "Leipzig, 1767."

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, says "The Book Buyer," completed a volume of literary reminiscences just before his death, which will soon appear, edited by Mr. Augustine Birrell. It is said to have been finally decided that the magnificent library of the dead poet, "the Rowfant books," will not come under the hammer, but remain intact in the possession of his family.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

July, 1895 (Second List).

Armadillo, The. Charles H. Coe. *Popular Science.*
Art-Teaching to the Masses. *Forum.*
Asiatic Travel, Books on. S. H. Peabody. *Dial* (July 16).
Balfour's Dialectics. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science.*
Child Life and the Kindergarten. F. B. Vrooman. *Arena.*
Climate and Health. Charles F. Taylor. *Pop. Science.*
Cobbe, Frances Power. Anna B. McMahan. *Dial* (July 16).
"Coin's Financial School." W. H. Harvey. *No. American.*
"Coin's Financial School." J. Laurence Laughlin. *Forum.*
Cooper's Literary Offences. Mark Twain. *No. American.*
Currency, Sound. William Salomon. *Forum.*
Degeneration: A Reply. Max Nordau. *North American.*
Degenerates, Protection Against. Max Nordau. *Forum.*
Egypt, Contemporary. Frederic C. Penfield. *No. American.*
Fast Days, New England's. Alice M. Earle. *Dial* (July 16).
Freeman, Edward A. Benjamin S. Terry. *Dial* (July 16).
Heredity, Morbid. M. Ch. Féré. *Popular Science.*
Huxley, Thomas Henry. *Dial* (July 16).
Income-Tax Decision. George F. Edmunds. *Forum.*
Jury System, A Medical Study of the. *Popular Science.*
Kidd's "Social Evolution." Theo. Roosevelt. *No. American.*
Literary Taste, Decay of. Edmund Gosse. *No. American.*
Mayan Hieroglyphics. Frederick Starr. *Dial* (July 16).
Money, A New Philosophy of. A. J. Webb. *Arena.*
Phillips, Wendell. Richard J. Hinton. *Arena.*
Silver, Free, Effects of. E. O. Leech. *North American.*
Single Tax, The. Sarah M. Gay and Frances Russell. *Arena.*
South, Industrial Future of the. F. G. Mather. *No. American.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 66 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Legends of Florence. Collected from the People and Retold by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). First series. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 271. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

Legends of the Rhine. By H. A. Guerber, author of "Myths of Greece and Rome." Illus., 12mo, pp. 350. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.

Our Square and Circle; or, Annals of a Little London House. By Jack Easel. With frontispiece, 12mo, uncut, pp. 268. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

The Greek Epic. By George C. W. Warr, M.A. With map, 16mo, pp. 288. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $1.25.

Fifty Years; or, Dead Leaves and Living Seeds. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 228. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

Shadows of the Stage—Third Series. By William Winter. 24mo, gilt top, pp. 351. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

Foundation Studies in Literature. By Margaret S. Mooney. Illus., 12mo, pp. 292. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.25.

Woman's Work in the Home. By the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar. With portrait, 18mo, pp. 115. Henry Altemus.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Carter Henry Harrison: A Memoir. By Willis John Abbot. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 254. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Some Federal and Confederate Commanders: Critical Sketches. Edited by Theodore F. Dwight. 8vo, pp. 348. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.

The Ameer Abdur Rahman. By Stephen Wheeler, F.R.G.S. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 251. Warne's "Public Men of To-day." $1.25.

HISTORY.

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III., 1860-1862; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 659. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

Europe, from the French Revolution to the Fall of Napoleon. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E.; abridged by Edward S. Gould. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 530. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2.

John Brown among the Quakers, and Other Sketches. By Irving B. Richman. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 239. Des Moines, Ia.: Historical Dept. of Iowa. $1.

ART.

The Quest of the Holy Grail: A Series of Paintings Done for the Boston Public Library. By Edwin A. Abbey. Oblong 8vo. R. H. Russell & Son. $1.25.

POETRY.

Verses. By L. R. Hamberlin, author of "Lyrics." 18mo, uncut, pp. 67. Austin, Texas: Corner & Fontaine. 50 cts.

FICTION.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, author of "Marcella." 12mo, pp. 180. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

In Deacon's Orders, and Other Stories. By Walter Besant, author of "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice." 12mo, pp. 279. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Terminations. By Henry James, author of "Daisy Miller." 12mo, pp. 242. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Plated City. By Bliss Perry, author of "The Broughton House." 12mo, pp. 397. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The Martyred Fool. By David Christie Murray, author of "Aunt Rachel." 12mo, pp. 265. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

A Study in Prejudices. By George Paston, author of "A Modern Amazon." 12mo, pp. 287. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

The Mayor of Casterbridge: A Story of a Man of Character. By Thomas Hardy. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 406. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

A Street in Suburbia. By Edwin W. Pugh. 12mo, uncut, pp. 201. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

Billy Bellew. By W. E. Norris, author of "Marcia." Illus., 12mo, pp. 305. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Diplomatic Disenchantments. By Edith Bigelow. 12mo, pp. 235. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Doctor Izard. By Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case." With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 268. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Pilate's Query. By S. C. Clark, author of "A Look Upward." 12mo, pp. 275. Arena Pub'g Co. $1.25.

Water Tramps; or, The Cruise of the "Sea Bird." By George Herbert Bartlett. With frontispiece, 16mo, pp. 313. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Across India; or, Live Boys in the Far East. By Oliver Optic, author of "Asiatic Breezes." Illus., 12mo, pp. 380. Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

The Commodore's Daughter. By Jonas Lie; trans. by H. L. Brækstad and Gertrude Hughes. 12mo, pp. 276. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.

The Master-Knot, and "Another Story." By Conover Duff. With frontispiece, 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 205. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

John Ford, and His Helpmate. By Frank Barrett, author of "A Recoiling Vengeance." 12mo, pp. 304. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.

Master and Man. By Lëv N. Tolstôi; trans. by Yekaterína A. Ludwig and Dr. George B. Halsted. 12mo, pp. 172. Austin, Texas: Corner & Fontaine. 50 cts.

Josiah's Alarm and Abel Perry's Funeral. By "Josiah Allen's Wife." Illus., 18mo, pp. 85. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cts.

The Tie That Binds: A Story of the North and South. By Willie W. Caldwell. 16mo, pp. 111. Franklin, O.: Editor Pub'g Co. 50 cts.

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Longmans' Paper Library: "Ploughed," and Other Stories, by L. B. Walford; 12mo, pp. 288, 50 cts.

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The History of Currency, 1252 to 1894: An Account of the Gold and Silver Moneys and Monetary Standards of Europe and America. By W. A. Shaw, M.A. 8vo, uncut, pp. 431. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

Real Bi-Metallism; or, True Coin versus False Coin. By Everett P. Wheeler, author of "The Modern Law of Carriers." Illus., 12mo, pp. 91. Putnam's "Questions of the Day." 75 cts.

Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation. By Thomas Hill Green; with preface by Bernard Bosanquet. 8vo, uncut, pp. 252. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75.

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